

The Banner.

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FRANK HARPER, Editor.

SEMI - WEEKLY

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M. LINN BRUCE

May Succeed Whitman as
New York District Attorney.

Photo by American Press Association.

EXTENT OF THE WAR.

Where Than Half the World and Half Its People Are Involved.

A striking idea of the extent of the present war may be gained from the statement that more than half the inhabitants of the world are engaged in it. This applies to both land area and population.

The area of the British empire exceeds 13,000,000 square miles, that of France is over 4,000,000, and Russia's is in excess of 8,000,000. Belgium, including her Congo possessions; Japan, Serbia and Montenegro increase the total territory of the allies to nearly 27,000,000 square miles. Against this tremendous area that of the Germanic trio does not bulk very large. Germany, Austria and Turkey all told have but little more than 2,500,000. But the total area of the combatant nations foots up 29,500,410 square miles, while the grand total of the land in both hemispheres is only 55,550,000 square miles.

The population of the allied countries is 780,830,000 and that of their enemies' countries 102,920,000, a total of 883,750,000, while the whole race of man is estimated at only 1,628,000,000.

And the chances are that more nations rather than fewer will shortly be involved. What a commentary on twentieth century civilization!—Providence Journal.

The Followup Method.

"Why do you get the pretty girls like first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer, and then there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Person to Be Avoided.

"Palanquin is certainly a man to avoid. People have told me a great many stories about him which are not edifying."

"Really? You do well to tell me, for I need not now give him back the money he loaned me."—Paris Figaro

A More or Less Dry Remark.

"He invented a boat made entirely of cork."

"Who will man it?"

"Oh, I am the cork's crew."—Philadelphia Ledger.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, on December 2nd, 1914, death called Brother J. D. Hines, a worthy member of Pike Grange, No. 384, to give up life, and

Whereas, We bow in humble submission to the Divine will and do not question His infinite wisdom; Therefore,

Resolved, That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to the wife and son, and commend them to the keeping of our heavenly Father, who doeth all things well; and

Resolved, That we drap our character for thirty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and a copy of them sent to each of the county papers for publication, and also a copy sent to the bereaved family.

R. N. GROSSMAN,
J. W. PHILLIPS,
EDWARD PHILLIPS,
Committee.

A Mystery Solved

By SARAH BAXTER

Mathewson was standing during a social function before a mantle with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his legs at an angle of about ten degrees gazing at the crowds of men and women passing and re-passing. He had tired of the disconnected, choppy, aimless conversation which is the only possible kind in such places and stood alone rather than endure any more of it. But he did not tire of watching others who were hunting for something to say to one another that would fit in with a possible interruption at any moment.

Presently turning, there stood a lady beside him, evidently passing the time discontentedly like she was about twenty-four years of age and at least, so far as her appearance was concerned, very attractive.

Suddenly the lady put her hand on his arm and said as familiarly as if she had known him: "It is stifling in here. I must get some air."

Mathewson had met the surprise of his life. What was her object in appropriating him thus he could not divine, but he was not minded to throw a straw in the way of anything she might intend. Being a man of the world, a well bred man, a considerate man, he manifested no surprise; neither did he presume upon an acquaintance that was not his.

"You are quite right about the air in there being stifling," he said. "I was thinking of getting out of it myself."

This commonplace remark seemed to put the lady at her ease, and, guiding her companion into a cosy nook where they were not likely to be interrupted, she conversed not in the bits of nothing to be expected, but gradually led the way into topics of interest.

Mathewson spent a charming half hour, expecting the while that the lady before parting with him would make known her reason for having appropriated him. But presently an old lady came and remarked, "I have been looking everywhere for you," and the younger woman, arising, nodded to Mathewson, and the two ladies walked away together.

Later Mathewson pointed out the lady who had appropriated him, asking who she was, and was told that she was a Mrs. Olcott. Having expressed disappointment, his companion remarked:

"She's a missus, but not married. She's a divorcee."

"Do you know her?" asked Mathewson.

"I do."

"Then introduce me."

There was no opportunity at the time, for the lady, together with the elderly woman who had joined her, was going upstairs preparatory to leaving the house.

A few days later Mathewson met Mrs. Olcott at another function. She passed him in company with others, but did not look at him. At this he was not surprised. Having an appointment to call upon her the next evening with the friend who was to introduce him, he found her kindly disposed; but, though he sat with her for some time, she made no mention of the matter of her appropriation of him. She discussed any subject that Mathewson proposed or toward which he led the way; but, although he several times gave her an opportunity to explain why she had used him, she refrained from an explanation.

Whether it was the lady's personality or the mystery attending their first meeting, it was not long before he was enthralled. She accepted his attentions not with the fickleness of a young girl, but with the experience of one who had been married. Mathewson, at first having a knowledge that she had been a wife, was somewhat chary of falling in love with her, for he argued that if one man could not live with her possibly another might find it difficult. But after awhile he cast precaution to the winds, threw up his hands and was ready to marry her if she were a devil in human shape.

There is but one ending to a story wherein its hero is madly in love. He proposes and is either accepted or rejected. If he is rejected the story ends nowhere; if accepted, in marriage. Mathewson was accepted.

"And now," he said to his fiancée, "I suppose it is in order for me to ask why you saw fit on a certain evening when you and I stood side by side, utter strangers, to put your hand on my arm and lead me away as if we were acquainted."

"I felt to tell you," she replied. "Why?"

"I did it to avoid meeting some one. You may think the day may come when I will put my hand on some other man's arm to avoid you."

"Please cease to speak in riddles." "While I stood beside you I saw two men elbowing their way through the crowd making toward me. It was evident that one was bringing the other to introduce to me. This other I knew only too well, though his friend was not aware that I did. To have him thus presented to me in a room where we were both well known would have been a terrible contretemps. I avoided it by walking away with you."

"I see," said Mathewson, "but pardon my curiosity—we men are sometimes curious as well as you women; why were you soaverse to meeting this man?"

"Because he had been my husband."

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF YPRES AND REST OF THE FLANDERS BATTLEGROUND, SCENE OF CARNAGE



For over a month the Germans have been delivering furious attacks on Ypres, which since the region between Nieuport and Dixmude was flooded has formed the great obstacle to their advance on Calais. In the district shown here the Germans are said to have sacrificed 100,000 lives

with practically no result, for they have failed to establish themselves on the left bank of the Yser canal, and, according to recent dispatches, the allied position in Ypres is stronger than ever, although the town is rapidly being reduced to a ruin by a most merciless bombardment. It was

at Zonnebeke that the British force hurled back the Prussian guard, the crack corps of the German army. This bird's-eye view map of Flanders gives a fine idea of the ground which the allies are now struggling to wrest entirely from the Germans.

A WIG IN WARTIME

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

In the spring of 1914 I joined the European invasion of American tourists and made Germany my stamping ground. Before leaving home I sent to Washington for a passport, for though at the time there was not much prospect of using one, I preferred to be provided. The document described me as Edward Boyer, aged thirty-one, five feet eight inches high, eyes, hair and complexion dark.

In Berlin I contracted typhoid fever, and when I recovered my hair fell out, leaving my skull as polished as a piece of ivory.

On the 28th of July the bomb of the European war exploded and I was admonished that if I wanted to get out of the war zone and back home I must bestir myself. I had not yet recovered my strength, but I was due in America on the 18th of August and resolved to start at once.

The first thing needed was a wig. I sallied forth to get one, having just an hour before the train on which I was to leave would start. This gave me about twenty minutes to procure a hair head covering. I found a place where such things were sold, but unfortunately the only wig they had that would fit my head was of an abominable hue. There was no other place to procure one within a dozen blocks. I looked at my watch and saw that I had just ten minutes to get the train. I paid for the abominable wig, clapped it on my head and started for the station.

I was on the last passenger train to leave Berlin. The war was brand new to me, but not to the Germans, who were prepared for it. Two things especially I had not considered, for I had not heard of them—the Germans' spy system and their methods of detecting their enemy's spies.

I was brought to my senses by seeing a German officer come through the train examining passports. I had mine in a hand bag, got it out and had it ready when the man reached me. He read the description, looked at me, and, noticing my red wig, his expression changed at once to one of fierceness. He said something to us in German that I did not understand and, calling some soldiers, turned me over to them for safe keeping, then went his way through the train.

An American gentleman who understood German announced to me the unpleasant information that I had been arrested as a French spy. He had heard the officer say that the passport I traveled on belonged to one having a French name and that it described a black headed man, while I was a red

headed man. Never had there been a more barefaced attempt to carry information out of Germany for the use of an enemy.

Here was a pretty pass. In my hurry to get away I had forgotten my passport, or, rather, I had thus far not been required to show it, and it had not occurred to me that the document would be now required.

When we reached a city—I didn't know what city—I was taken from the train and conducted to the headquarters of an officer who, I judged by the respect paid him, was of high rank. He received me with a lowering brow, read the description in my passport, and, looking at my wig, said what by his expression I judged to mean, "Take him out and shoot him."

The soldiers advanced to take me. In a fit of desperation I seized my red wig and, throwing it on the floor, trampled on it and cried out, "I am not a red headed man; I am an American citizen."

There must have been something ridiculous in the act, for the officer burst into a laugh. Then an interpreter was called, who translated my story. As soon as it was understood that I was an American and the passport belonged to me I was set at liberty, with an apology. Realizing that my train had gone on, I asked for a permit to travel on a troop train, and one was given me.

I could not endure to travel without my wig, so I retained it. During my journey through Belgium I fell in with a Frenchman with a red head. As soon as we passed into France he gave me his passport, which he no longer needed. Having had so much trouble with my own passport, I decided that possibly I might have use for the other, so I accepted it.

While working my way south toward Paris I was set upon by a party of French spy hunters. Thinking to get rid of them without their noticing the difference in my hair from that laid down in my passport, I used the one given me. Unfortunately a keen eyed fellow noticed how the hair of my wig fell on my neck and, grasping the wig, held it up amid shouts from the others, crying:

"A spy! A spy!"

Again I was taken before an officer—this time a Frenchman, who, on receiving the report of my captors, ordered me out to instant execution. I stood before him with folded arms and uncovered dome and cried in a stentorian voice:

"Je suis Americain!"

I suppose it was the absurdity of this time as well as before that saved me. The officer, hunched, consented to listen to me, and, since I spoke French tolerably, I told my story, producing my own passport.

And so my life for the second time was saved by mock heroics, and I reached Paris without further trouble.

He alone has energy who cannot be deprived of it.—Lavater.

Peculiarities of Charles Reade.

Charles Reade was peculiar in many ways. Here is the reason he gave to Henry Watterson for never visiting America. "I dare not think about it," he exclaimed. "In the first place, I can't drink or smoke, and I should not get on very well with the natives. Next, I have a weakness for high living, and you Americans have such an awfully jolly lot of things to eat that I'm afraid I should cramp myself to death." One of Reade's peculiarities, says J. H. Harper in "The House of Harper," was that he failed to keep copies of the manuscripts he sent. Once, after a long period of illness, he forwarded an installment of a story having the names blank, as he had forgotten what they were.

How to File the Nails.

Always file the nails from the corners toward the center of the nails. This tends to make the finger tips slender. It is well to file the nails on the same day every week. They look better for being done in this way.

About polishes, every one has her own. Polishers are all about alike—that is, if you get a good one, which you should be careful to do, as a rough, inferior polish is apt to scratch the nails and in time thicken them.

Those who have not thought it worth while heretofore should begin now to care for their nails. The little time spent at this will show in good looking nails before very long. Begin today. The outfit costs so little almost any one can afford it.



No Doubt.

The Boss—The last boy we had was worth twice as much as you are.
Office Boy—Did he get it?—Boston Globe.

Outspoken.

Mrs. Smith's four sons made the life of her old colored servant a burden. One day Uncle Andy was busy in the garden hoeing corn and for half an hour Tom, the most mischievous of the quartet, had amused himself throwing clods of dirt at him. At last Andy threw down his hoe and stamped in indignantly down to the house.

"Mis' Ella," he said to the little culprit's mother, "Ah jes has to tell yo dat dat boy Tawm am de meanest chile yu got; an' Ah tells yo fo' yo face and tells yo behine yo' back!"—New York Post.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Combination of Gas and Fireless Cooker.



The convenience and economy of the fireless cooker has stimulated inventors to combine in one range the apparatus for first cooking the food and heating a retaining compartment, and then, by heavily insulated walls, conserving the heat until the operation is completed. A gas range has been patented which unites these functions in an ingenious manner, says Popular Mechanics. One compartment is arranged with gas burners above and below, the heat from which is directed upon thick walls whose outer covering is asbestos or similar nonconducting material. While these burners are turned on the ventilators are open, and the products of combustion pass out and into the chimney. When the gas is turned off the ventilators are automatically closed, retaining in the chamber, which now becomes a fireless cooker, all the heat of the previous combustion.

Regout of Rabbit.

Slice three onions and put them into a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour and four tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings and stir till the onions become a rich brown color. Add by degrees a cupful of water or stock. Cut six slices of bacon and lay these in the pan with one rabbit cut into neat joints. Add salt, pepper and a dash of red pepper, two thin slices of lemon, a bay leaf and a blade of mace and let the whole simmer for forty minutes. Serve on a hot platter.—Country Gentleman.

Cheese Biscuit.

Two cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter, seven-eighths of a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful salt, grated cheese sufficient to give desired flavor. Mix all the ingredients, excepting the cheese, as for baking powder biscuits. Roll thin, divide into two parts, sprinkle one-half with the cheese, lay the other half of the dough over the cheese, cut with a small cutter and bake.

Baked Omelet.

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with enough cold milk to make a smooth paste, and add five well beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of white pepper; then add one and one-half cupfuls of hot milk and cook and stir over boiling water for two minutes; add one tablespoonful of butter, stir until melted, pour the mixture in a buttered baking dish and bake about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Rice Pancakes.

Stir two cups of milk into two bent on eggs, add enough flour and boiled rice in equal parts to make a thin batter; add a half teaspoonful of salt and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Sour milk can be used, in which case omit the baking powder and add a teaspoonful of soda. The baking powder or soda should not be put in until just before beginning to bake the cakes.

Polishing Silver.

A chamoin bag filled with powdered magnesite is very useful for polishing all silver articles. An old piece of velvet will prove wonderful for polishing silver, and a broken clothespin is a handy contrivance. Covered with a cloth, the flat rounded tip will be most useful in working between the tines of the forks and in moldings that require more friction than a brush can give.

Nut Chops.

Four tablespoonfuls butter, one egg and cracker crumbs, six tablespoonfuls cream, six slices bread. Trim all crusts off the bread, spread the bread with peanut butter, cut into three oblong pieces, beat the egg and add the cream. Dip the bread into the egg and cream, then into cracker crumbs. Place in an oiled pan and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Salmon Croquettes.

Mix two cupfuls of salmon with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley; melt a tablespoonful of butter, stir in the same of flour, half a cupful of milk and boil until thick; add to the salmon; when cold form into croquettes and fry in hot fat.

Bridging a Difficulty.

Paying Teller (to woman with check)—I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to be identified by some one I know.

"Oh, very well. I have a friend who is waiting outside in the machine. I'll bring her in and introduce you to her."

Shee Salesmanship.

FRENCHMAN WALKS 1,300 MILES TO WAR

Tells of Journey From Canadian Northwest to a Railroad.

New York. — Fernand Tromeur, a hunter and fur collector, with a line of traps running 150 miles north of Fort Providence on the Mackenzie river in the far northwest of Canada, arrived in New York and sailed for France the other day. He is a reservist in the French navy and goes to join his ship. He is twenty-nine years old.

So far away in the forests of Fort Providence that he did not hear of the war until it had been going on a month and a half. Then he started afoot and walked most of the way, 1,300 miles, he estimates, to the nearest railroad station.

"Eight years ago I went to Canada and became a fur trapper," he said. "At Fort Providence there is a tribe of Indians whose chief's name is Peter Squirrel. The only other white men besides myself are the company's two or three agents."

"I liked the life in the forest, got a government lot, built a log house and established my line of traps. It is a wild, cold country, but there is good money there, and my brother-in-law last winter gathered \$16,000 worth of furs and sold them, but in the spring he found himself \$800 in debt to the company."

"Peter Squirrel has a daughter, Magdalene, the prettiest Indian girl in the province. I was lonely and far away from my people. She was good to look upon and bright, and a good housekeeper. We were married a year ago. Then came word that my country was at war. I was far out on my line of traps and was making my way back to the cabin home, where I expected to find a baby when I arrived."

"Then, with the call to come home and fight ringing in my heart, I left. With blankets, a gun, bannock bread, flour and dried moose meat I started up the Mackenzie river toward the south until I met voyageurs paddling the way I wanted to go. They gave me lifts over some of the bad places, which I was grateful for, as I had 1,700 miles to walk to get to the nearest railroad station. Their lifts made my walking trip only 1,300, as I figure it out."

"It was 600 miles of walking to Fort Chipewyan, on Athabaska lake. The ice closed the river, and I had to walk this, following the windings of the river to Great Slave lake and then the Athabaska river to Fort Chipewyan."

"If I live I shall be back on the Mackenzie after the war, for I want to see that little fellow. My wife has taken him and gone home to her folks at Fort Smith, I expect. It is a wonderful country up there, and once the lure of the trapper's life gets into your blood you will be drawn back to it in spite of yourself."

LOST, TOOK "NATURE CURE."

Missing Woman Lived Six Weeks Alone in the Woods.

West Palmouth, Mass. — Declaring she had wandered alone in the woods for six weeks, living on acorns and checkerberries as a "nature cure," Miss Martha Palmer, who has been missing several months, has returned to civilization. She told Deputy Sheriff H. H. Lawrence, at whose home she stayed overnight, that she had regained her health and enjoyed her experience, but that the increasing cold of the nights had forced her to seek shelter.

Miss Palmer is about forty years of age. Since she disappeared, saying that she was going for a stroll in the woods, relatives have been unceasing in their search for her.

PAIN IN HUNGER A FANCY.

Chicago Professor Tells Scientists Starvation Is an Easy Death.

Chicago.—Death by starvation would be a painless one if—

The "if" was explained by Dr. A. J. Carlson, assistant professor of physiology at the University of Chicago, in a lecture before the National Academy of Science. He asserted that the pangs of hunger are only imaginary to a great extent and that if one can succeed in fooling his stomach into "believing" it is full then to all practical purposes save that of nutrition it is full.

"If any one could keep his mind occupied about other things except his stomach while he was starving," said Dr. Carlson, "death by starvation would be about as painless a death as any one could hope to have."

Here are some of the ways he said the stomach could be fooled:

By chewing gum.
By holding a stick in the mouth.
By forgetting all about hunger.
By taking a drink of beer or water.
By becoming so frightened you don't care anything about meals.

By swallowing a small balloon and pulling it up again with a string.
The latter method is the one used by Dr. Carlson in conducting a series of experiments on himself, his assistant and a patient who has been fed through a tube inserted in his stomach for twenty-eight years. He used a machine called a manometer, with a small inflated balloon attached to a device for measuring the effort of the stomach action of the stomach of a person. He exhibited a machine which explained the way little balloons